

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday Morning.
BY H. L. SHELTON.
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PLAIN AND FANCY
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To a Company of Bacchanals.

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And e'en from some drops of comfort sleep,
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through Water street with a carpet-bag in one
hand and a shot-gun in the other was a sight
to be seen on any sidewalk of this week. You
may believe that no fellow winked at her.

A couple made this singular wager: If Hayes
is elected the woman agreed to build the first
this winter, and if Tilden was elected the man
was to build them. Thursday after the election
the woman took the benefit of the doubt and
has obliged him to build the first ever since.
Their oldest daughter says: "It doesn't make no
difference if the Angel Gabriel is elected, ma
never did build no fire, and she never will. You
can bet on that a good deal safer than on election."

His Fat Saved Him.—The advantage of a
generous corporeity was illustrated at Palermo,
Italy, recently. A half-dozen brigands made an
early call at the residence of one Benedetto Mar-
cio, with intent to force him to the moun-
tains. They found him standing, like Hayatna,
lately in his doorway, but when they contem-
plated the bulk of his person they must have
thought that they had on hand a contract for
moving Mount Vesuvius on short notice. Nothing
daunted, however, they laid violent hands on
him and sought to force him into a carriage.
He simply sat down at the garden gate and re-
fused to budge, but did not neglect to make
violent outcry. The united strength of the
diabolos was unequal to the task of his removal.
Kicks but increased his cry, and when a son of
the mountain of flesh appeared at the balcony
and commenced practicing on the abductors with
a shot-gun they hurriedly dispersed. Thus the
advantages of being a man of weight in the com-
munity are sometimes offset.

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PLAIN AND FANCY
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"A truce to war!" the o'erflowing bowl,
Of honey wine be served from the lip!
Let sober joy, which sweeps the tempest away,
And e'en from some drops of comfort sleep,
Like a seraphic form unfold its wings,
And hover round, while all religion's call,
Of those on whom misfortune's curse is laid,
My muse with melancholy accents sings!"
How soothing is the silence that succeeds
To noisy revelry and Bacchic mirth!
Ours more calm reason reigns, nor wildly heeds
The phantoms unduly to which give birth
A wild imagination first of wine!
Thus, after times of clouds and storms and howls,
The moon, enshrouded in its gayer flows,
Again is radiant with the bright sun-shine!
Hush! is the cry of the tipsy folk!
For, 'mid the tumult of the banquet-hall,
The sober Poet's eye is turned to see
The various fumes which fire the blood of all
Who riot in the Bacchanalian throng!
The startled guests their drunken mirth forego,
And hearken to the old homely saying long,
Which forms the theme of his pathetic song!

"Ye votaries of pleasure! moderate,
As to enjoyment's instance you give place,
How wretched and unhappy is the fate,
Of those who taste misfortune and disgrace!
E'en as the maddening cup of wine you quaff,
With reckless thirst your agony bring on,
(Tempted!) or perchance of hunger dies,
While range the festive board with your wild laugh!

"In you half-curious and luscious heart
Is stretched upon a bed of rotten straw
An aged man, whose life has been the butt
Of adverse fortune, dying out,
Far from his boyhood's home and early friends,
Without one gentle hand to help to smooth,
Or one kind word to soothe his agony to soothe,
His weary pilgrimage in equal ebb and flow!

"That pallid girl, who in a gaiter sits
And pines for love—a work of woe,
While hark the child blithely in capricious fits
Thru' crannies of the broken roof above—
All the day long and deep into the night
Toss to provide with bread from year to year,
A widowed mother, orphan brothers dear,
And sisters—helpless of consumption's blight!

"This hospital for paupers has a ward
Where fever-stricken patients are received,
There lies a wretched mother—once the lord
Of wealth and ease—now poor and old and bereaved
Of health and sense—while with mother's moans,
And stifled sobs of grief, more deep than loud,
His father's wife and children round him crowd,
Aghast at his delirious, dying groans!

"Yonder asylum for the mad contains
A cell, wherein is shut upon a bed
A furious maniac with long curly hair,
Which scarce have strength to hold him fast
He dashes against the wall, with frantic shouts
He writhes, till bursts a vessel in his heart—
And from mouth, nose, eyes and ears red torrents start,
And floor, walls, roof are stained with bloody gore!

"What do you see upon your deep and wide bed?
It is the body of a man who has
Still young and beautiful—now in suicide,
On her the neck, relentless may have found;
With frailty charged her—happily without grounds;
Or, fallen, no forgiving hand stretched forth
To aid her to regain her pristine worth,
Scorned, spurned, disgraced, into the flood she bounds!

"Lo! is not that the fearful gallows-tree?
Suspended by the neck a human form
Spectaculously agonized lies!
The executioner with vital glow still warm;
Out of their midst bursting, the eye-balls
Are hideously agape; the blackened tongue
Protruding from the gaping mouth is long
From every pore the sweat in big drops falls!"

"Goes! for the sake of poor humanity,
No more life's luxury paid with frightful brush!"
The terror-stricken guests, now sober, cry,
As from the recking banquet they rush—
For once from wassail happy to escape!
A smile fits over the poet's pensive face